THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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For The Dayspring.

THE BLIND BOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(*Continued from page* 68.)

CHAPTER VII. — *When our Necessity is greatest, Help is the nearest.*

MRS. TUBA had saved her bedding and some few trifles; the rest were sold. Now in the new lodging they had a table and a few chairs; but no wood, no bread, no lights, no soap, and, with the exception of a few trifles, they had no wardrobe. And still the poor family felt happy, — happy because they were all there together again, loving each other the more for their sorrow and separation. Raphael was happy over his bird, and the mother and sister rejoiced in his joy. But what was to be done? How were they to live?

"First of all," said Magdalene, "I must go to my teacher. It breaks my heart to have him think that I wilfully played truant."

She hastened away, and after half an hour came springing back. "O mother, mother!" she cried; "all's right. Now I am happy. My teacher cannot be sorry enough that he believed the wicked stories of the apprentice. Just look, mother, at the beautiful present he has made me!" She took a large, heavy package from her apron, and as she took off the blue wrappings a beautifully bound Bible appeared. Her eyes beamed with joy.

"O my Raphael," she cried, "how many beautiful stories I'll read to you now!"

Her mother said, earnestly: "With God's word may his blessing descend upon us!"

"Next," said Magdalene, "I must go to Master Tanzer. I don't believe a word about his not wanting me any longer; for it was no one but the same bad apprentice who misrepresented me to him."

"All's made up!" she cried, as she returned. "The blessing of God has fallen upon us," she added, as the tears of joy ran down her cheeks. The mother clasped her hand and her eyes opened wider and wider as her little daughter unpacked her bundle. There were cakes and nuts, and candies and candles, woollen stockings and mittens, a knit jacket, an apron, and a four-pence piece.

"All from my master. Not a word is true of what the apprentice said. Mr. Tanzer has been away into the country, and he couldn't find us at all because we'd moved. He saved all my Christmas things, and I'm to work again for him as soon as I can. Just be glad, dear little Raphael, you'll get some of every thing;" and she seized him and danced him round the room.

They stopped short in their whirl as a knock was heard at the door. The winter sun was already descending, and it was growing dim in the little room. The door opened, and five children, three girls and two boys, entered the room timidly, and then looked back and waited for some one else. Mrs. Tuba and Magdalene stood silent with astonishment. The three little girls were dressed alike, in sky-blue hoods, white fur tippets, and brown cloaks. Behind the children came a servant girl, carrying one heavy basket on her head, and another in her hand. As she set them down, the eldest boy took out a beautiful fur cap and put it on Raphael's head, and hung a pair of new boots on his arms; then his brother followed him, with a little coat and a pair of pants. The eldest girl held out smilingly a quilted skirt towards Mrs. Tuba, and the two little girls brought her a wadded

hood, and for Magdalene a lovely neckkerchief and a pair of fur shoes.

During all this time there was silence. The children could not speak from embarrassment, and the other from astonishmen . "Well! well!" said the servant girl at last, "it's as dark as a closet here; where the e are presents there must be light."

She took out a bundle of candles and some matches. In a moment she had lighted from ten to twelve, and the little people began to look at each other. Mrs. Tuba must help the girl unpack the loaded baskets, and a deep joy spread over the faces of the unknown children as article after article was taken out for the astonished family. There was a package of browned coffee, another of sugar, a little sack of rice, hominy, peas, beans, and salt; loaves of bread and a tub of butter, with a nice roast of veal; three new pewter spoons, three knives and forks, cups and saucers and pl.es, two handtowels, several handkerchiefs, stoc. ngs, and even soap. As all this happened, the good mother did not know what to do or say.

"Ah!" she said at length, "you must have made a mistake; it is impossible that all this is for us. Who could be so generous?"

The stranger children said nothing, but nodded and winked to each other, and smiled at Magdalene and Raphael.

"Yes; it is all meant for you, Mrs. Tuba," said the girl. "Our children have arranged it, and you cannot think how they have looked forward to this moment. Day and night they have thought of nothing else"—

"Am I allowed?" called a manly voice from without. The door opened, and a tall gentleman, with a beautiful lady on his arm, entered the room. "May we come to the gift-party too?" he added.

"O father! O mother!" cried the children, and surrounded the beloved parents while they greeted Mrs. Tuba and her children. They recognized now a gentleman who had befriended them the day that they were turned out of their lodging and had stood neglected and alone on the street. Raphael recognized his voice instantly, and all surrounded the Court Secretary to thank him for his bounty. "No! no!" he said; "I need no thanks. Your Christmas was sad enough, and my children have chosen to collect these things for you. 'Giving is better than receiving,'" he added, turning towards the children.

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed!" they cried with one voice; "we were never so happy in our lives before."

Their father nodded kindly, and added: "To-morrow a load of wood will arrive. I have heard your sad story, and have interested some of my friends for you. Now let us commence our feast in honor of New Year's Eve." His wife opened her basket, and drew out a large bottle of warm punch, several glasses, and a New Year's cake.

How little will bring joy to the hearts of the poor! Their hearts were overflowing. The Secretary motioned to his wife to notice Raphael who had been half forgotten. First he felt down into the new boots; then he stroked his fur hat; then he took a sip of his punch, or slipped a raisin into his mouth, while a look o lovely joy spread over his sweet face.

As the candles were burning low, the father gave the word for departure.

"Come, my dear children," he said; "the feast is ended. If this has given you pleasure, you shall help another poor family next year. Mrs. Tuba must want to rest. Goodnight: we wish you a happy New Year."

Amid thanks and good wishes they departed, leaving baskets, glasses, and all as presents. As Mrs. Tuba was lighting them out, there came a young man up the steps.

"My principal, the auctioneer, has sent me to you," he said, "to inform you that the oil painting sold for fifty-seven dollars, sixteen pence, and in all you will receive sixty dollars to-morrow."

"I congratulate you," said the Secretary. "Misfortunes, they say, never come singly; so now let us hope it will be with your good fortunes. I'll see you again soon. Again, good-night."

Great joy often makes us weak. This good woman, who had borne up under so many trials, was scarcely able to mount the steps to her room. There she threw herself on her knees. "Come, my children," she said, deeply moved, "'Let us thank the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever. He hears the cry of the young ravens and feeds them.' He has seen our distress, and has helped us, and he will not reject our thanks." When they rose from their knees, their hearts were filled with his peace.

The children were long asleep when Mrs. Tuba sought her bed. One look she threw upon Raphael. His cheeks, usually so pale, were tinged with the faintest pink, and a holy, happy smile played round his beautiful mouth.

The clock struck twelve through the still night. The old year, with its want and sorrow, lay behind them. A new year, full of hope, was before them. "Cast all your care upon the Lord, and he will provide." With these words the pious woman fell asleep.

For the Dayspring.

READ GOOD BOOKS.

"COME, May, are you ready?" said a cheery voice, as the door opened and Ruth Raymond looked into the pleasant sitting-room, where her friend May sat reading a newspaper which she held in her hand, and in which she seemed to be wholly absorbed.

"Yes, in one minute," said May, going on with her reading.

"But you must come now, or the hall will be crowded, and we shall not be able to find seats." So May laid down her paper, hurried on her hat and gloves, and in a very few minutes the young girls were in the street.

After a few words of pleasant chat, Ruth said suddenly: "What were you reading when I came in which seemed to engross you so entirely?"

"Oh," said May, "it was an account of a robbery and murder; a shocking affair, but the man has been caught, and I was reading about his trial. Some of the circumstances were very curious, and I will tell you all about them."

"No, indeed," said Ruth, "I never wish to hear or read any thing of the kind."

"Why not?" said May, who was much surprised at the decided manner in which her friend spoke.

"Well, I will tell you," said Ruth. "I used to read just such things till mother talked with me about it, and now I always avoid them."

"What did she say?" asked May."

"She said 'Our souls are like the most delicate fabric which the least particle of dirt will defile, and that it is only the pure in heart who shall see God,' and she read me a passage from her favorite author, which said: 'Mind grows like that it feeds upon,' and much more, meaning about the same thing, which I cannot remember."

"Your words remind me," said May, "of something which I heard a gentleman say to papa, not long ago. He said the increase of crime was owing, in a great measure, to the full reports of such things in the papers. That many a young man who would never have thought of doing any very wicked thing,

had had it suggested to him by reading these accounts, and by seeing how many rogues escape, and then he added, that Vice, if we become familiar with it,

'We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'"

"I don't believe there is any danger," said Ruth, "that you or I shall ever become like any of these wicked people we read about, or learn to love crime; that isn't what I am afraid of, but it is what mamma said about the soul being polluted, and she gave me a text of Scripture which she wished me to learn, and I have learned it, and I say it over every morning with a little prayer that I may never forget it."

"Tell me what it is," said May, "and I will learn it too."

"It is this," said Ruth:

"*Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.*"

"I think," said May, "if we could always obey that command, life would be one beautiful picture, or a succession of beautiful pictures. Did your mother say any thing else?"

"Oh, yes; she said choosing our reading is like choosing what company we will have; that all young people need pleasant young companions, and in the same way they must have pleasant stories: but the story and the companion must be alike truthful and helpful, and pure; and then just as they would consider it a pleasure and a privilege to mingle with wise and good and learned people, so they should avail themselves of the opportunity to read books written by such people. She said some of these were among the most interesting books written, as letters, travels, biographies, and some histories. She once knew a lady who made this agreement with her children, that they might read a good story after they had read some more solid work."

"That seems like a good rule," said May, "suppose that we adopt it." To this Ruth agreed, and May soon found a pleasure in reading useful books which once she would not have believed possible.

M. L. B.

LITTLE BARBARA'S HYMN.

A MOTHER stood by her spinning-wheel,
Winding the yarn on an ancient reel;
As she counted the threads in the twilight dim,
She murmured the words of a quaint old hymn:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are Christ's, who gave his life for our sake."

Little Barbara, watching the spinning-wheel,
And keeping time with her toe and heel
To the hum of the thread and her mother's song,
Sang, in her own sweet voice, ere long:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are Christ's, who gave his life for our sake."

That night, in her dreams, as she sleeping lay,
Over and over the scenes of the day
Came back, till she seemed to hear again
The hum of the thread, and the quaint old strain:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are Christ's, who gave his life for our sake."

Next morning, with bounding heart and feet,
Little Barbara walked in the crowded street;
And up to her lips, as she passed along,
Rose the tender words of her mother's song:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are Christ's, who gave his life for our sake."

A wanderer sat on a wayside stone,
Weary and sighing, sick and alone;
But he raised his head with a look of cheer,
As the gentle tones fell on his ear:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are Christ's, who gave his life for our sake."

Toiling all day in a crowded room,
A worker stood at her noisy loom;

A voice came up through the ceaseless din,
These words at the window floated in:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are Christ's, who gave his life for our sake."

A mourner sat by her loved one's bier,
The sun seemed darkened, the world was drear;
But her sobs were stilled, and her cheek grew dry,
As she listened to Barbara, passing by:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are Christ's, who gave his life for our sake."

A sufferer lay on his bed of pain,
With burning brow and throbbing brain;
The notes of the child were heard once more,
As she chanted low at his open door:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are Christ's, who gave his life for our sake."

Once and again, as the day passed by,
And the shades of the evening time drew nigh,
Like the voice of a friend, or the carol of birds,
Came back to his thoughts those welcome words:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are Christ's, who gave his life for our sake."

Alike in all hearts, as the years went on,
The infant's voice rose up anon,
In the grateful words that cheered their way,
Of the hymn little Barbara sang that day:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are Christ's, who gave his life for our sake."

Perhaps, when the labor of life is done,
And they lay down their burdens, one by one,
Forgetting for ever these days of pain,
They will take up together the sweet refrain:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are Christ's, who gave his life for our sake."

L. S. in "Words of Cheer."

"USEFUL ADVICE TO BOYS. — To throw stones: Fold each one carefully in a feather bed, and give good notice to all in the neighborhood when you are going to pitch.

"To carry gunpowder in the pocket: Soak it well in cold water; then wrap it up in a yard of oiled silk. Hearth and Home.

A HELPING HAND.

I THINK helping is one of the best and pleasantest things in life; and to be allowed to help, one of the greatest of privileges. A few days ago, a little boy standing at the corner of a street in Boston was asked by a lady to take her hand and steady her while she jumped over the stream of water that ran along in the gutter. He held out his hand very pleasantly, and she took it, and gave a leap which carried her safely over the water to the hard icy ridge beyond. It was a very little thing which the boy did, but it probably saved the lady from wetting her feet and perhaps from slipping down into the gutter; it certainly gave her a feeling of safety which she otherwise would not have had. As for the boy, he deserved to feel happy because he had done a kind act; and I hope he did feel so, and that he will go on helping people every day as long as he lives. In the days of the prophet Isaiah "they helped every man his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer, him that smote the anvil." That is a pleasant picture of the olden time; and the more of such helping there is in the world, the better and happier it will be.

L. B. M.

"EMPLOYMENT is Nature's physician, and is essential to human happiness." Galen.

"WE are as liable to be corrupted by books as by companions." Fielding.

"Do a little well, and you do much."

"I SAY, Pat, are you digging out a hole in that garden?"

"No: I am digging out the earth, and leaving the hole."

JESUS AT SCHOOL.

OUR readers have, no doubt, often thought about Jesus as a boy; and wondered if he attended school, and what sort of a school. Here is a representation of what might have been the school at Nazareth, which he attended.

The man who had charge of a synagogue was called the *chazzân* (kaz-zán), and he usually was the school-master of the village in which the synagogue was situated. The boys went to him at certain hours and were instructed in the Law. The girls had such instruction as they could get at home, or through their attendance on the synagogue-service. Schools for girls are modern institutions. It took the world a great many years to find out that girls could be educated just as well as boys.

The furnishings of the school-room, you will observe, are not much like the furnishings of modern school-rooms. How do you like the chairs and desks? Where do you suppose the scholars kept their books? Where were the blackboards and maps?

Whether the school-master had a rattan, or any thing of the sort, does not appear. Probably not, as the business of the school was such he could carry it on without any help of that sort. You see he has a jar of water by his side, and in a niche in the wall is the roll of the law, which he sometimes reads to his scholars, and from which he takes his lessons. He is so familiar with it that he can probably repeat the greater part of it.

The scholars had no books. It may be they had a single manuscript containing the Commandments and some other parts of the Law, which they referred to as the master read. But they were not called upon to do much studying. There were no arithmetics to bother them, no grammars made on purpose to confuse them, no geographies, nor any of the *osophies* or *ologies*. When they went home, it was not with a big pile of of books strapped up. No headaches over evening lessons.

The first five books of the Bible we call the Pentateuch. That roll you see in the niche contains the Pentateuch. The Jews called it the *Torah*, or the Law. There were other rolls containing the Prophets, and others containing the Psalms and other books of the Old Testament.

The chazzân gave the scholars verse after verse from this roll, in the Hebrew language, and they repeated the verses together, till they knew them by heart. In this way they went on learning the whole Law. He explained to them what they could not understand, and taught them the wonderful history of their nation. Then he questioned them in regard to what he had told them.

How long the school-sessions were, and what hours of the day, we do not know; but probably the sessions were not long. What do our readers say to the Jewish schools of two thousand years ago? How many wish the schools they attend were like them?

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER XI.

HADLEY, December, 1868.

DEAR LOU, — I told mother I was so confused having to answer your note and Slater's that I did not know how to begin. But mother said, "Lou goes right ahead, and if she makes mistakes, begins again. She'd jump over the moon while you're putting on your stockings."

This made me laugh, thinking of the cow which jumped over the moon. And now I begin, for that, mother says, is "half the battle." I think it's just as queer as you do about grown people crying for joy; and if they cry when they're put out, the sailors would call them "land-lubbers;" for Tom says when the ship lurches and spills the soup, sailors laugh and make the best of it. I like every one smiling, birds singing, sun shining. I'd rather stay young, if growing up makes you cry. I'd like to be a dormouse, and hide away from tears and rain.

When we made the mince pies, I did eat citron till mother stopped me; but as for Ping Wing, she's made too much of a lady to pout over eatables. I've thought for a long time, Lou, that you gave in too much to that old Lyddy. Do you suppose grandma grows more careful about swallowing pins? Perhaps, being a fairy, they can't hurt her. When I read her pretty story about going to Cambridge, mother said, "Those cousins, Maria and Lydia, went out West a hundred years ago;" but father said, "Not quite so long." Lou, why do women always speak bigger than men?

I'll tell you why the girls at my school are silly. They want to be old, wear long gowns, and do their hair up high. All but two despise dolls. I should have made a

friend of one of the two, but she will like the other girl better; which, mother says, is natural, because she's known her longer; but it isn't pleasant. But let all the girls despise dolls; I shall not give up Ping Wing, my own dear dolly.

Lou, how mother cried the night of the great storm, because Tom was clinging to slippery masts. But she quieted down when father said that, though our house rocked like a cradle, the storm could not reach Tom. And when he had a storm, we must remember he was not alone, for he was always at home with our Heavenly Father. Lou, I read my Testament every day, and mother and I talk it over. She talks sweetly about the Good Shepherd carrying the tender lambs in his arms, and hunting for those which go astray.

Thanksgiving Day, Aunt Wealthy did scold once; it was about boys. "Hateful!" she said. "Not Tom," cried father, laughing. "He might be worse," said aunt. Mother thinks Tom would like a Round Robin. . . . Lou, Lou, Ping Wing is lost! I've hunted the house. The girls say they haven't thrown her in the fire; but they're so quick and careless.

Next Day.

Father thinks there's no one naughty enough in Hadley to steal a doll, but he offers to put up a "Reward" in the Post-office; but the girls would laugh more than than ever at Ping Wing and me.

Some old child, I suppose, is slapping her. Tom called her Wing, but she had none to fly away with. Mrs. Carrol came to call, and laughed so loud that I had to run away; and then I heard the girls say, as I passed the kitchen, "What a fuss over a doll! when she could buy forty prettier ones."

How little they know! When I read, Ping Wing flutters over the page, standing in her blue merino among pigs. I tried to paint, and painted a tree indigo blue. Mother lets me sweep and dust and wipe the cups, for then I forget most. If you can believe it, mother did not set much by her doll, bare-headed out in the world! There was no earthquake that day and no high wind. If Tom were at home he'd find her, for his eyes are as sharp as a lynx.

It's a pity she was lost before Slater's last note, for Ping Wing is bitter on Jemima. Indeed all the Ashbys are faulty. I cried when it came to Ping Wing's writing again; and I think you would be very cruel to put Slater in a hospital.

Mother liked all Aunt Louisa said about Grandma Ashby. She wants us not to be afraid of old people; but to love them so much as to be glad to give up best seats, and crickets, and the brown ends of cake. She says we can do much towards making a happy world by joyful faces and soft voices. I know what she means, for I want to hide under the bed when Aunt Wealthy speaks, just as Fourth of July, when the cannon is fired off. But mother says one is to be pitied who is born with a sharp voice.

When I read "Alice in Wonderland," I hoped some day to be lost in a grotto and see wonders. Father said that was not a wise wish; and if my eyes were only open I should see I was in the midst of wonders, and yet had a comfortable bed to sleep in. He promised next summer to take me into the woods and teach me about the different trees; and he says if I were to live to ninety, I couldn't learn a thousandth part of the curiosities about our door. And he said to study little Ned's patient life would teach me more than to live in a king's court.

Mother says, to "love me a bushel" is hearty, but not elegant. Do you know the meaning of bushel-woman? Try to guess where Ping Wing is; and help your loving

MADGE.

A LADDER WITH TWENTY-FOUR ROUNDS.

ONE day a duke, walking in his garden, saw a Latin copy of a great work on mathematics lying on the grass; and, thinking it had been brought from his library, called some one to carry it back.

"It belongs to me, sir," said the gardener's son, stepping up.

"Yours!" cried the duke: "do you understand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the lad, modestly.

The duke, having a taste for the sciences, began to talk with the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so much?" asked the duke.

"One of the servants taught me to read," answered the lad. "One does not need to know any thing more than *the twenty-four letters* in order to learn every thing else one wishes."

But the gentleman wanted to know more about it.

"After I learned to read," said the boy, "the masons came to work on your house. I noticed the architect used a rule and compasses, and made a great many calculations, 'What was the meaning and use of that?' I asked; and they told me of a science called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic, and studied it through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. I bought the books, and learned geometry. Then I found there were better books about these two sciences in Latin. I heard there were still better ones in French. I got a dictionary, and learned French. It seems to me we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

They are, in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are contented to waste their time at the first two or three rounds, with not pluck nor perseverance enough to climb higher! Up, up, up, if you want to know more, and see clearer, and take a high post of usefulness in the world. And if you are a poor boy, and need a little friendly encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a *will* to climb, you will find the way, just as this gardener's son found it afterwards in the Duke of Argyll, under whose patronage he pursued his studies, and became a distinguished mathematician. "Stone's Mathematical Dictionary" — for Stone was this young gardener's name — was a celebrated book published in London some years ago. [London] S. S. Messenger.

LOGIC.

A MAN who was up to a thing or two, once offered to bet that he could prove that *this side* of the river was the *other side*. His challenge was accepted. Pointing to the opposite shore of the river, he shrewdly asked —

"Is not that one side of the river?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"And is not this the other side?"

"Yes," said the other.

"Don't you see, then, that *this side* of the river is the *other side?*"

There was no resisting such logic.

THE DAISY.

SHE lifteth up her cup;
She gazeth on the sky;
Content, so looking up,
Either to live or die.
Content, in wind and cold
To stand, in shine or shower;
A white rayed marigold,
A golden bosomed flower.

Sutton.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

THE PETS.

Do you ask what is the name of the little girl that makes, with her pets, such a pretty picture? I cannot tell you her real name. If you are a little girl, you may call her by your name. If you are a little boy, you may call her by your sister's name, or by the name of some sweet little girl that you know.

See how that dove nestles down in her lap, and loves to feel her gentle hand! And down flies another dove to have his share of petting. He knows the little hand that is held out for him. How did she get the doves to love her so? Do you know any little girl or boy that has doves for pets? I think doves will love anybody that is kind to them.

One day last summer I was walking down Washington Street, in Boston, and saw a man at the corner of Franklin Street selling fruit. To my surprise a dove flew down and alighted on his shoulder. He then held up something which the dove ate from his hand. So you see that doves not only trust dear little girls, but kind men.

Just look at the biddies, too! See how they come strutting up and stretching out their necks to look into her face! The mother-biddy is not a bit afraid for her chickens. If a strange boy or girl should come along, she would say "Cluck! cluck! cluck!" very quick; and off she would go with the chickens running after her. Biddy would not care if the little girl took up her chickies, and held them in her lap. They have no fear either. So they stand and look up very wisely, or peck away after the crumbs of meal in the dish.

When the little girl gets her pets all close to her, she will talk to them all, and give them some nice bits to eat. They all have good manners. They do not push and crowd, but eat out of her hand, as she holds it out to one and the other. The chickies can have only fine crumbs. They do not see how it is their mother can swallow such a huge thing as a kernel of corn.

If I could go and see all the little readers of the "Dayspring," what lots of pets they would show me! Fine dogs, spry kittens, frisky lambs, clumsy bossies, soft-haired rabbits, and I do not know how many more. Well, I am glad they have pets; and I am very sure they get back from their pets all the love they give.

"GRATITUDE is like the orange-tree, dropping its golden fruit upon the earth whence it derives its nutriment."

For The Dayspring.

WHAT FREDDIE WOULD DO.

"IF I were a squirrel,
I know what I'd do:
I'd eat nuts and apples
All the day through.

"I'd climb on the fences;
I'd scamper up trees,
And gather the acorns
As fast as I please.

"I shouldn't hear father
Keep saying, 'My son,
The school-bell is ringing:
Stop playing and run.'

"I shouldn't hear grandma
Say, 'Freddie, take care!
You're always in mischief:
You'll fall down the stair.'

"I'd play, if I wanted,
From morning till night,
With nobody saying,
'You're not doing right.'

"I would not go errands,
Like Teddy McGue;
For dear little squirrels
Have nothing to do."

. . . .

God never intended
That Freddie should be
A bird or a squirrel,
To roam about free.

He made him to grow up
A good little man;
And so we hope Freddie
Will try all he can.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.

"'TIS God who rules the harvest,
Or clothes the hills with snow;
Who bids the little birds to sing,
Or fragrant flowers to blow."

"THE daisy, with its petals crimson-fringed,
Speaks of humility, disclaiming praise,
And fairer by abasement."

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

WHAT a beautiful month is June for visiting the woods and fields! Then God's great book of nature is wide open at its most attractive pages. What glowing pictures! Such lights, such a toning down and mingling of colors, who but the divine artist could have conceived?

The chapters of this book are all in illuminated type. Can you read what is written in that meadow? The green grass is the paper and the buttercups are the letters. See what you can spell out from them. Maybe you can learn a lesson that will make you happy all your lives — a lesson that will enable you to walk on the golden pavements of the new Jerusalem, even while your feet actually press the dusty roads and streets of town and city.

Look on that hillside, purple and white with violets and anemones! Spell out the words God writes in such sweet colors. See the fresh green of the forests trying to tell you of the bright verdure that borders the river of life in that land where all is unfading and eternal. It will take you years and years to learn the whole story; but the sooner you begin the sweeter and richer it will be.

June is the month for living out-doors, in the fields and woods. No time should be wasted at home reading made-up story books, or even books that try to make you wise, when God's great book lies so fully open. Get all you can of newness of life, of wisdom, of love, of joy, from what God is daily teaching.

"IF I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride,
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside,
Should mend an old kettle like me."

For The Dayspring.

THE TONGUE.

"EVEN so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

This was Fannie Williams' verse to repeat at the Sunday-school concert, and she was saying it over and over to herself on her way to Sunday school, to be sure that she knew it. Did she know what it meant? Oh, yes, both her mother and teacher had explained it to her; and she would have known if they had not, for she was a bright little girl, and thought things out for herself.

Oh, yes, she understood it very well, and was thinking, as she repeated the verse, how glad she was that *her* tongue never did any mischief. She wondered if Mary Jones and Annie Gray wouldn't feel like hiding their faces when they heard it. She should think they would be ashamed of their tongues; always boasting and bragging, and making trouble fo their owners and other people too. Fannie had a very good opinion of herself, in this respect at least, and it was in a very self-satisfied mood that she took her place in the class.

Just after she took her seat, Bessie Reade walked up the aisle, leading her little brother carefully by the hand. "I'm glad *my* hair isn't red," whispered Fannie confidentially to her next neighbor. Now Fannie certainly did not mean to be overheard, but Bessie had very sharp ears, and her red hair was a constant trial to her. Moreover, her temper had been greatly tried that morning in many ways, and this remark about her hair proved the last drop. She could not bear it; and, with an angry glance at Fannie, she gave her little brother an impatient pull, and down he tumbled. More frightened than hurt, he began to cry; and some of the scholars, always ready to laugh, giggled, and pushed each other. The superintendent had to come to the spot before order could be restored, and even then there was a sore place left in poor Bessie's heart. She was hurt to think others made fun of her hair, and troubled and ashamed that she had lost her temper.

"Oh dear!" thought Fannie; "even so the tongue is a little member. Now if Mary Jones had said that, and made all this fuss, I shouldn't have been a bit surprised; but I did not think I would do it."

Ah, Fannie! We do not always know ourselves as well as we think we do.

But the minister was speaking, and Fannie forgot Bessie in listening to him. Then came the singing. Fannie could not sing much, but she was doing the best she could to help, when, just as they sang, — "Bird-like voices, sweet and clear," she saw Mary Jones nudge the girl next her, and heard her whisper, — "Cat-bird." "You mean thing," whispered Fannie, loudly, and feeling as if she should cry. "I'd rather be a cat-bird than read off my geography lesson as you do every day." "Children, children, keep still," said their teacher, turning round.

Poor Fannie felt as if she never wanted to say another word. "And I didn't forget my verse, either," she thought, mournfully. "I spoke in spite of it, just because I was mad. Now Miss Allen will ask what the trouble was, and then she will scold Mary; and then Mary will be mad at me, for I know she likes Miss Allen, and feels awfully when she scolds. I guess I ain't any better than the other girls, after all."

When Miss Allen's class were called upon to recite their verses, it was a very humble little girl that repeated in a lower tone than usual: — "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

"Well, Fannie," said her mother that

night, "what verse are you to learn for the next concert?"

"Miss Allen said I might select one for myself, or ask you to find me one," said Fannie. Then, after a moment, she added, slowly, "could you find me another 'tongue' verse?" and down went the curly head in her mother's lap, to hide the blushes and tears while she told the story of the day.

Before she went to bed her mother gave her this verse, "Whoso keepeth his mouth and tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles."

"That will do for the concert, and now I will give you one to think of," she added, as she kissed her good-night. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

What do you suppose she thought of it?

L.

For The Dayspring.

THE STOLEN FIGS.

A TRUE STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

JENNY was just about seven years old, I was between four and five, and brother Tom between two and three.

We were partly playing and partly dressing ourselves in the sitting-room adjoining our bed-room; while father and mother and the sewing-girl had gone down to breakfast.

The sewing-girl, Miss Tilson, was regarded as quite a friend in the family, and was fond of, and very kind to us children.

The day before, when she had been down town, she bought a paper of very nice figs, and on coming home had given one to each of us children, telling us as she put the remainder in her table-drawer, that she would give us each one the next morning.

I was fond of sweet things, and almost as soon as I woke, I thought to myself, "Miss Tilson intended the figs for us, so there can be no harm in my going and getting them." So I went to Miss Tilson's room and took three figs; one I gave to my sister, one to my brother, and one I kept for myself.

But Jenny said to me, "Nelly, you had no right to take them;" and as the still, small voice of conscience had already told me so, I felt sure she and it were right.

Tom wasn't troubled a bit by this question of conscience, as he was not old enough to know what it meant, and eagerly accepted the fig that was offered him.

At this juncture father and mother entered the room. They saw that there was some trouble. Jenny looked very grave, I was very much distressed, and Tom was rolling on the floor in the completest enjoyment.

As mother looked inquiringly at us girls, I ran to her, clung to her, and was folded to her motherly bosom, while she tried to soothe the great sobs that would come as I cried out, —

"O, mamma, mamma, I went into Miss Tilson's room and took three figs. I gave one to Jenny, took one for myself, and gave one to Tom. I am so sorry! O, so sorry!"

With a very grave face Jenny went to the lounge, one corner of the curtain of which was turned up over the seat; she turned it down, and took from it a whole, untasted fig, and gave it to our mother. I gave up mine, with a small piece bitten out, conscience having arrested me in the act, and prevented me from taking another bite.

Not a particle of brother Tom's fig remained; he had enjoyed his fig in happy unconsciousness of the right of ownership.

NELLY.

STOP AND WEIGH.

ONE morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M.'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M.," said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought 'em of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You lie, you little villain," said the countryman, still more enraged.

"Now, look here," said John. "If you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts *gratis*.

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?"

Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time. The Standard.

Puzzles.

12.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

AN OLD LEGISLATOR AND HIS BROTHER.

A LITTLE island with a lovely name;
A town far west, and cultured classic dame;
A need of lazy nags and sluggish minds;
A mimic curious childhood never finds;
What the Earth does, but lilies never do;
Guess me these words,—the names will come to view. C. T. B.

13.

CHARADE.

My first the housemaid often uses;
My second is taught in infant schools;
To obey my third no child refuses,
Whose life breaks none of Sinai's rules;
My whole is a land and city fair,
Where tropic products wave in air.
FLORENTINE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

3: — An ingenious answer comes from "First Parish," as follows: —

5 = V.
5 + 45 = 50 = L.
V AND L.

Add the first of letters, A, and we have VANDAL. Certainly a *vandal* might kill a king, or drive a wise man mad.

9. — C. T. B. says: "By some strange oversight, the acrostic puzzle in your April number lost its last line. I hasten to give it in a second and corrected edition." See "12" in present number.

10. — The poet sings sublimely of the sea (C),
In sparkling "Dayspring," magazines, and books;
Turns German into English to a T.
And pray, who can it be (B) but our friend Brooks? P.

Another friend answers as follows: —

THE *sea* to many a home brings wealth untold,
Inspires the heart with joy, or thrills with fear;
The forms of many loved its waves infold,
While sad hearts mourn, and eyes shed bitter tears.

The grateful incense rising from the urn,
An offering to our household gods might be;
From Mocha, Java, Rio, oft we turn
To offer welcome to the fragrant *tea*.

In rosy fields of bright and blossoming clover
We find the faithful toiling busy *bee*;
But home returns when her day's work is over,
Her wearied limbs from gathered stores to free.

These tell the friend whose name we love to *see*,
Who cheers our hearts far more than vaunted *tea*,
Bringing us treasures like the busy *bee*;
Like "Honey and the honey-comb," the words of C. T. B. F. B. T.

11. — The *stars* are the sheep, and the *moon* is the shepherd.

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